

## Sworn Statement of Circulation.

## ADVERTISERS, TAKE NOTICE!

We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear that the bona fide actual circulation now of the MEXICO WEEKLY LEDGER is Sixty-five Quires, 25 papers in a quire, or 1625 copies each week.

R. M. WHITE, Prop'r.  
B. B. RUNKLE, Foreman.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of Dec., A. D., 1884.  
BEN. C. JOHNSON,  
Circuit Clerk.

Advertisers will do well to note this statement. Sixteen Hundred and twenty-five copies of the LEDGER printed every week; at least ten persons read each paper, making the circulation about 16,000, counting extras a grand total of 120,000 readers in a month. Everybody reads the "Great Religious Weekly!"

## TIME TABLE.

(In Effect January 11, 1885.)

## STANDARD TIME.

Whitish, St. Louis & Pacific Ry.

East Bound Trains leave—

No. 1. Mail. 12:25 p. m.

No. 2. Atlantic Express. 12:34 p. m.

No. 3. Way Freight. 1:10 p. m.

West Bound Trains leave—

No. 2. Mail. 12:25 p. m.

No. 3. Pacific Express. 1:40 p. m.

No. 4. Way Freight. 2:50 p. m.

Chicago & Alton Ry.

East Bound Trains leave—

No. 47. Mail. 12:25 p. m.

No. 48. St. Louis Express. 12:34 p. m.

No. 49. Way Freight. 1:10 p. m.

West Bound Trains leave—

No. 46. Mail. 12:25 p. m.

No. 47. St. Louis Express. 1:40 p. m.

No. 48. Way Freight. 2:50 p. m.

Jefferson City Branch.

No. 140. Leaves. 7:00 a. m.

No. 139. Arrives. 12:30 p. m.

No. 138. Arrives. 5:00 p. m.

No. 137. Arrives. 9:00 p. m.

\*Daily Except Sunday.

R. S. WILSON, Ticket Agent.

## First National Bank

## Of Mexico.

Capital Paid in, \$50,000.

Surplus Fund, 2,500.

R. W. TUREMAN, R. R. CAUTHORN,

President, Vice-President.

R. R. ARNOLD, S. J. BUCKNER,

Cashier, Asst. Cashier.

## STOCKHOLDERS.

R. W. Tureman, R. R. Arnold,

Chas. W. Baker, Wm. S. Brown,

Edw. Jones, John S. Brown,

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## L. M. Pease's Column.

## CASH

## BUYERS

## CAN SAVE

## MONEY

BY CALLING ON

## L. M. PEASE,

(OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.)

FOR THEIR

## Groceries!

—AND—

## Dry Goods!

## PRICES LOWER!

THAN EVER!

## They are Down!

## To Suit the Times!

## Produce Wanted!

## L. M. PEASE,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE,

Mexico, - Missouri.

GIVE ME A CALL.

## Hard Times.

The depression in business has extended to every branch of trade. The following diary found on the body of a burglar shows that even that class of business men are not doing as well as usual.

## THE DIARY.

November 23—Entered mansion in Vandeventer place. No silver plate—ticket for same and tickets for other articles in secret safe over mantel; no jewels. Nothing in man of house's pockets but 15 cents. Waterbury watch and season complimentary to Dime Museum. Lady of house apparently broke. Took \$14 from servant girl's clothes. Got coachman's diamond pin and gold watch. Didn't take box' 15 cents.

November 26—Merchant's House on Pine, near Grand. Nothing worth carrying off except door-mat at entrance. Found a stock of cold victuals in merchant's sleeping room; probably left there to prevent servants from wasting or carrying off anything. Only one servant girl in house and she penniless. Found note from employer in pocket in which he promised to pay her wages for March as soon as times got better. Carried off nothing but patent bootjack, which I traded on Eleventh street for a drink.

November 27—Boarding house on Olive street; sixteen clerks and widows landlady. All slept soundly and all poor—landlady poorest of all. Learned from bar room, next block, that the growler hadn't been worked from this house for four nights.

December 1—Bank on — street. Interrupted while at work on vault by night watchman, who said he had been through the safe himself and assured me that there was nothing in it but some mutilated currency and worthless East St. Louis and Chicago bonds. Thanked watchman for saving me the trouble of further investigation.

December 2—Entered house of a well known lawyer near Lafayette Park. Found in lawyer's pocket note to pay over due water license and letter from another man's wife. Took lawyer's wife's ear-rings; Rhine stones; got 30 cents for them.

December 2—After lawyer, tried reporter's residence on Chouteau avenue. Scooped in \$541, but lost swag while lamming from a copper.

December 5—First exploits on highway. Stopped one man and got a dime song book and paper of chewing tobacco. Second man gave up 35 cents and a half pint of whiskey.

December 7—Stopped Pine street saloon keeper. Hadn't a cent; showed me his books. Several politicians, recently defeated, had big accounts against them. Told me the gang was giving him nothing but the finger lately. Sympathized with him and got an invitation to call around and have a social drink.

December 9—Stopped a newspaper man on the big bridge. Hadn't a cent. Had been feeding the tiger over in East St. Louis.

December 16—Stopped well-dressed gentleman, and before I could make my business known, he asked me for a dime for a bed.

December 19—Joined the Y. M. C. A. and picked two pockets. Result: A couple columns "Male help wanted" advertisements clipped from daily papers.

December 20—Got stopped on the street myself by Broadway merchant, who wanted my money or my life. Said he had a family at home starving and couldn't collect a cent or sell a dollar's worth of goods. Took pity on him and gave him a Mexican dollar I had carried for a pocket-piece.

December 21—Tried housebreaking again. Woke man up, who told me if I found anything of value in the house to call his attention to it and we'd divide. Found nothing.

December 24—Stopped pawnbroker, who got down on his knees and cried, said business was so dull that even his best friends had quit borrowing money from him. Let him go. Stole turkey from all-night saloon. Turkey as poor as the rest of us. Gave it decent burial in a sewer opening.

December 27—Sneaked overcoat from hall on Washington avenue; couldn't get more than three cents on it; no more overcoats since clothing stores got to advertising new coats for forty cents; it don't pay to steal them.

December 28—Mistaken for a snow shoveler. Clothes getting terribly bad; face likewise; will have to stop barbers in street and rob him of a shave.

December 29—Tapped till in a Franklin avenue candy store and got 42 cents and three lottery tickets. Money had an inch of dust on it.

December 31—Resolve to turn over a new leaf. Burglarize a tobacco store. No money. Carry off four boxes auction cigars and sell them to Cass avenue grocer for \$2.

January 1—Hollered at a dude who had been out calling. He faintly away. Nothing but a silk handkerchief, 2 cigarettes and some cake crumbs in his pockets.

January 5—Growing desperate, knocked down a councilman. Found fourteen slips of car tickets in his pocket and letter from president of the company in reference to the Cable Railway. Councilman considered pure and above reproach. Ha! ha!

Go to T. F. Roden's if you want fresh groceries of all kinds.

January 7—Stopped banker who

## mistook me for a depositor, and began to make an elaborate apology.

Sorry for banker. He's in a worse hole than I am.

January 15—Anything for an honest living. I turn beggar. Frightened a messenger boy out of 10 cents; beer and a wicker wastebasket.

January 18—Tried to melt a book-keeper. Told truth when I said I hadn't eat anything for forty-eight hours. Bookkeeper sorry, but said he was eight or ten meals behind himself.

January 19—Robbed blind man in an alley. Got all he had—20 cents. He said he was hungry, but I told him his eyes were bigger than his stomach.

January 20—Couldn't beg anything or rob anybody, so I stole a ride on a street car, just to keep my hand in.

January 23—Met a member of Merchant's Exchange, who offered me a deal in May wheat for my good will and the route I was working. Took the deal; afterwards sorry.

January 26—Cold broke and miserable. Broke open poor-box in Catholic Church on Jefferson avenue. Only a spool mark in box.

January 27—Enter into partnership with another beggar. I kick a man down on my route and knock a colored man in the jaw. No money. My partner had his overcoat stolen and I lend him mine.

January 29—Have seen nothing of overcoat or my partner since last night. Am hungry and cold. Feel desperate. Will give myself up to police and ask to be stripped of my personal liberty for the remainder of the winter.

P. S.—I have done the best I could to keep out of jail, but probably have made some mistakes, owing to the hardness of the times. They are the worst in my recollection. I am sorry that I threw away my time in working a lot of paupers, and I promise never to rob a man woman or child in St. Louis, or anywhere else again, until the silver lining of the present financial cloud flashes itself on my glims.

The Board of Health and Advertisers. The following was published in the St. Louis Sunday Sayings, and coming from a man who is opposed to doctors advertising it is rich reading:

"Dr. J. C. Hearne, M. D., regular professional, is kept very busy in sweeping the state clean of physicians who advertise in the papers. What ever a physician does, he must on no account advertise, so says the august secretary of the state board, and he keeps an eagle eye on the newspapers, and whenever he sees a professional brother who dares to announce himself through their columns he sweeps down on that brother and has him arrested and puts him through with the vigor that the dignity of the profession and the standing of that august body the state board of health and its august secretary requires.

So the younger brethren have learned to regard the secretary with a certain degree of veneration that is touching. They look upon him as the custodian of the dignity of the profession and the sentinel who prevents the surreptitious entrance of specialists or advertisers.

Especially does Dr. Hearne inveigh against specialists who advertise secret remedies, or remedies unknown to the profession. "This is extremely unprofessional," he says. "If a doctor makes a discovery he should at once unfold it to the profession for the benefit of mankind."

This ground is undoubtedly well taken, and there are few of the regulars who would care to dispute Dr. Hearne's position on advertisers and specialists. It was then with a feeling of mingled surprise and pain that a Sayings man yesterday became acquainted with the fact that this same Dr. Hearne, secretary of the State Board of Health, started his success as a physician by the use of advertising mediums; in fact that he has been a most liberal and persistent advertiser.

The following verbatim copy of an advertisement that appeared in the Courier of Hannibal will doubtless prove of interest to Dr. Hearne and his friends. It will be noticed that he makes known to the public by this that he is in possession of a secret remedy, not known to the medical profession:

E. C. HAYS, M. D. J. C. HEARNE, M. D.

PILES & FISTULA  
IN MAN.  
PERMANENTLY CURED.  
DRS. HAYS & HEARNE  
WILL RADICALLY CURE  
ALL CASES OF PILES, OF HOWEVER LONG  
STANDING. ONE OF THE WORST FORMS  
WITHOUT KNIFE, LIGATURE OR NITRIC  
ACID.

NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS!  
TREATMENT MILD, AND ATTENDED  
WITH LITTLE PAIN AND NO  
DANGER TO BE FEARED.  
WE USE A METHOD WHICH IS NEW AND  
ORIGINAL, AND IS NOT KNOWN TO  
ANY OTHER MEDICAL PROFESSION, AND NEVER  
FAILS TO CURE.

CONSULTATION FREE.  
OFFICE HOURS—2 TO 10 A. M.; 2 TO 4 P. M.;  
7 TO 9 P. M.  
OFFICE—MASONIC BUILDING, 204 BROAD-  
WAY, 2ND FLOOR.

Try It Yourself.  
The proof of the pudding is not in  
chewing the string, but in having an  
opportunity to try the article your-  
self. Do this. Get a bottle of Dr. Bosanko's  
Cough and Lung Syrup for each and  
every one who is afflicted with  
Coughs, Colds, Asthmas, Consump-  
tion or any Lung Affection.

Go to T. F. Roden's if you want  
fresh groceries of all kinds.

January 7—Stopped banker who

## Written for the Ledger.

## JOHN D. CROCKETT.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord."—Bible.

Samuel Crockett, father of the subject of this sketch, was a native of Virginia and a relative of the renowned Davy Crockett. Emigrating westward with the tide of hardy pioneers that followed in the footsteps of Daniel Boone, he settled within the limits of the present state of Tennessee, where, in 1817, John D. Crockett was born. When Samuel Crockett struck out from Richmond, Va., and penetrated the wild interior with his ox team, and reared his log cabin, laid his pioneer's hands on the land, and hung his rude doors, he little thought that he would be found in their contributions to the nation, to liberty and the common weal. But such was the case. After helping him out the way, and smooth down the rough places that heaped themselves upon him, he found the Tennessee, he once more with the "title of empire" took his way westward, settling this time in Boone county, Mo., in 1819. He saw the country in all its wildness and violence, and it can be truthfully said, "He helped to found the state." Shortly after his arrival in Boone, there being no mill convenient to the community, he erected one for and for years around the neighborhood "grist," for accommodation, taking no toll whatever, which goes to prove his generous heart.

John D. Crockett inherited his father's sterling qualities of head and heart and grew up to be an exemplary youth. He professed religion at a camp meeting held on Hinkson Creek in 1831, at the age of 14, and shortly afterwards identified himself with the Cumberland Presbyterian church. In January, 1841, he was united in marriage with Mary A., daughter of Abraham Ford—a union that was fraught with blessings and happiness. In the spring of 1845 he moved to Audrain and located on Young's Creek, where he resided at the time of his decease. Although he was not blessed with the opportunities of an education, as are the youths of our day, he was, nevertheless, one of the few faithful men, who, with a robust courage in his soul, bowed out and paved the way in trial and toil for men of letters, and laid the foundation for schools and colleges, and a system of free schools and liberal education for the people. The needy found him open hearted and open handed. He was a man in whom there was no guile—no hypocrisy. A man of peace, who detested shams and humbugs; who did not believe in a gaudy exterior; who never had an envious heart; who walked with a simple and unassuming manner; who was ever taken at his word. He would suffer wrong rather than be contentious. He was a dutiful husband, loving father and kind neighbor. But if any one trait of his character outshone the other it was his deep religious convictions. He demonstrated his faith daily in weak and conversation by his religion of Jesus Christ. For 63 years he was a God-fearing and God-serving man. He ever let his light so shine that though dead, yet he still lives in the esteem and affection of all who knew him. He practiced a rare and noble life. He practiced a religion that insured three to the yard, sixteen ounces to the pound. A religion that would recognize the subjects of poverty as well as those of affluence, a religion that would scatter blessings with a liberal hand. His life teeming good deeds and honest purpose deserves a noble reputation. For years beyond our ken; he was a loving husband, parent and counselor. To his friends we can appropriately add Longfellow's beautiful words:

"So when a good man dies,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

J. K. P.

Different Ideas About Rail Roads.

From the Editor of City Times.

Mr. Johnson, representative from Montgomery, has a fancy that a railroad company can never be right and that he can never be wrong if he fights what a railroad wants. This idea governs him almost as wholly as the license law does the senator. He and Mr. Curtis of St. Louis, whose notion is that railroads are eleemosynary institutions, to be maintained out of public funds, and are managed with a pious and single view to please the people are always on opposite sides. They debated a question of freights recently. Both being lawyers their ideas on the methods of carrying and storing cattle were mixed. They had five horses and cattle stored in warehouses among cheese, butter and cabbage and tried to agree on some way of applying the same warehouse regulations to all. Between them they will keep both ends of the railroad problem up, and there will be some level laws.

Fastest Mile.

VALDIA, Mo., Feb. 10.—What is the fastest mile ever made by a trotter and the fastest mile ever made by a pacer, and by what horses?

Maude S. made the fastest mile ever trotted, at Lexington, Ky., on November 11 last. Her time was 2:09 1/4. The fastest mile ever made by a pacer was accomplished by Johnson at Rochester, N. Y., last August, and at Chicago on October 3, following. His time was 2:06 1/4 at both places.

## MARMADUKE'S CAPTURE.

## The True Story of How the General was Taken in.

The Springfield Southwestern reporter met S. M. Blittum, a well known resident of the county, who served in the fifteenth Missouri cavalry during the war and fought Price from one end of the state to the other. In recalling war reminiscences he said he had never seen a true account of the capture of Gen. Marmaduke.

"I have seen the account of a non-commissioned officer of a Kansas regiment riding down upon him and capturing him single-handed, and I have seen other accounts equally false, but never anything that even approximated the truth."

"Were you present when he was taken in?"

"Well, I should say I was. I could almost reach out and touch him. During the fight he became separated from his troops and in the smoke rode into our lines. We were fighting in with a battery, and almost as soon as he appeared we knew who he was. This mistake was a natural one as they were, to a great extent, clothed in federal uniforms which they had from time to time captured, but the instant he found himself close enough to recognize the faces of the men he saw his mistake, and then he did something that always made me admire his pluck and during."

"What was that?"

"Without hesitation he rode straight at the battery, and in a loud commanding tone ordered it to the rear. The audacity of the act paralyzed the men for a minute, and no effort was made to capture him. Finally a boy artilleryman reached out, and catching the bridle of Marmaduke's horse ordered him to surrender, at the same time throwing his gun down on him. He surrendered, and I, with others, was detailed to guard him up to headquarters. I met him here last year and recalled the circumstances to him. 'Yes,' he said, with a laugh, 'I remember it quite well.' That is the true story."

"You don't know the name of the boy artilleryman?"

"No; he belonged to a Kansas battery, I believe."

Circumstances Alter Weather.

Kentucky State Journal.